

This boke called the Temple of glasse
is in many places amended and late
diligently improued.





C.SIEEVENS

Through constreynt and greuous hewynesse
For great thought & highe pensyuenesse
To bedde I went nowe this other night
Whan that Licina with her pale lyght
Was ioyned last with Phabus in Aquary
Amyddc Decembre / whan of January
There be kalendes of the newe yere
And derke Dyana / horned and nothyng clere
Hydde her beames vnder a mysty cloude
Within my bedde for colde I gan me shroude
All desolate for constraint of my wo
The long night walowyng to and fro
Cyll at last or I gan take kepe
He dyde oppreis a sodayne deedly slepe
Within the whiche me thought that I was
Bauylshed in spyghte in to a temple of glas
I ne wylt howe ferre in wyldernesse
That founched was all by lyckelynesse
Nat vpon steele / but on a craggy roche
Lyke yse istrosen / and as I dyde approche
Agayne the sonne that shone so clere
As any christall / and cuer nere and nere
As I came nyghe this grisely dedfull place
I went astonyed / the lyght so in my face
Began to smyte so pasyng cuer in one
On every parte where I hat I dyde gone
That I ne might nothyng as I wolde
About me consydre and bi holde
The wunders elter / for brightnesse of the sonne
Cyll at last certayne skyes donne
With wynde chased and their course ywente

C. M. gl.

a. ii.



C.SIEEVENS

Through constreynt and greuous heugnesse
For great thought & highe pensyuenesse
To bedde I went nowe this other night
Whan that Lucina with her pale lyght
Was ioyned last with Phabus in Aquary
Amyddc Decembre / whan of January
There be kalendes of the newe yere
And derke Dyana / horned and nothyng clere
Hydde her beames vnder a mysty cloude
Within my bedde for colde I gan me shroude
All desolate for constrainyt of my wo
The long night walowyng to and fro
Cyll at last or I gan take kepe
He dyde oppreis a sodayne deedly slepe
Within the whiche me thought that I was
Bauylshed in spyghte in to a temple of glas
I ne wylt howe ferre in wyldernesse
That founded was all by lyckelynnesse
Nat vpon stèle / but on a craggy roche
Lyke yse iftolen / and as I dyde approche
Agayne the sonne that shone so clere
As any chistall / and euer nere and nere
As I came nyghe this grisely dredefull place
I went astonyed / the lyght so in my face
Began to smyte so paslyng euer in one
On every parte wher i hat I dyde gone
That I ne might nothyng as I wolde
About me consydre and bi holde
The wunders elers for brightnesse of the sonne
Cyll at last certayne skyrs donne
With wynde chased and their course ywent

C. M. gl.

A. H.

Before the seremes of Titan and blent
So that I myght within and without
Where so I woioe beholde me about
For to report the facyon and manere
Of all this place / that was circuler
In cumpace wyle rounde by intayle wrought
And whan I had longe and well sought
I founde a wycket / and entred in as faste
Into the temple / and myn eyen calle
On eucry syde / nowe lowe / and nowe este alofte
And right anone / as I gan walke softe
If I the sothe aright report shall
I sawe depeynted vpon a wall
From Est to west many a fayre pimage
Of sondry louers / lyke as they were of age
I set in ordre after they were crewe
With lykely colours wonders fresshe of hewe
And as me thought I saw som slyt and som stade
And some knelyng / with bylles in theyz hande
And some with complaynt woful and pitious
With dolfull chere / to put to Venus
So as she late ietarynge in the see
Upon theyz wo for to haue pite
And fyrt of all I sawe there of Cartage
Dido the quene so goodly of visage
That gan complaync her auenture and caas
 Howe the disceyued was of Aeneas
For all his heltes and his othes sworne
And layd helas that euer he was borne
Whan she sawe / that dede she must be
And next her I sawe the complaynt of Medee

Howe that she falleſſed was of Jason.
And nygh by Venus ſawe I ſyt Atheon
And all the maner howe the boze hym ſlouge
For whom ſhe wepte and had pite inouge
There ſawe I alſo howe that Penelope
For he ſo long ne myght her lordē ſe
Was of colour both pale and grene.

And alther next was the freſſhe quene
I mean Aleſt the noble true wyfe
And for Admete howe ſhe lost her lyfe
And for her trouthe if I ſhall nat lye
Howe ſhe was turned into a Dawsye
There was Grisildis innocence
And all her mckenelle and pacience
There was cke Iſoude and many other mo
And all the tourment and the cruell wo
That ſhe had for Trifram all her lyue
And howe Tylbe her hert dyd ryue
With thylke ſwerde of syr Pyramus
And all the maner howe that Theseus
The Minotaure ſlew amyd the hous
That was forwynded by crafte of Dedalus
Whan he was in priſon ſhyt in Crete
And howe that Phyllis fel of loue the hete
The great fyre for Demophoon helas
And for his falſhed and for his treſpas
Upon the walles depeynt men myght ſe
Howe ſhe henge vpon a fyberdetre.
And many a ſtory mo than I reken can
Were in the temple. And howe that Paris wan
The fayre Helene the lufy feſſhe quene

Tem. gl.

a.iiij.

And howe Achilles was for Polycene
I layne inwardly within Troye towne
All this lawe I walkyng vp and downe
There sawe I written eke the hole tale
Howe Phylomene in to a nightyngale
Itourned was and droigne in to a swalowe
And howe the Sabyns in their maner halowe
The feest of Luccre, yet in Rone towne
There sawe I also the sorowe of Palamone
That he in prisone felte and all the smerte
And howe that he throughte vnto his hert
Was hurt inwardly by castyng of an eye
On the fayre fresshe and lusty yong Emelye
And all the stryfe bytweyne hym and his brother
And howe that one fought with that other
Witbin the groue tyl they by Theseus
Accorded were as Chaucer tellet vs
And furthermore as I gan beholde
I sawe howe Phebus with an arowe of golde
I wounded was throughout his syde
Only by enuy of the god Cupyde
And howe that Diane vnto a laurer tre
Itourned was whan that she dyde fle
And howe that Joue began to chaunge his copys
Only for loue of the fayre Europe
And in to a bull whan he dyde her sue
Lyst of his godheed his forme to transmuse
And howe that he by transmutacyon
The shapye gan take of Amphitron
For Almena so passyng was of beaute
So was he hurt for all his deute

With loues darte and myght it nat escape
There lawe I also howe Mars was take
Of Vulcanus and with Venus founde
And with the chapnes misible bounde
There was also all the poesye
Of hym Mercury and all the Philogye
And how that she for her sapience
Iweddeth was to the god of eloquence
And howe the muses lowly dyd obeye
Hye into heuen this lady to conueye
And with theyr songe howe she was magnified
With Jupiter there to be stellifid
And uppemore depeynt men myght se
Howe with her rynge the goodly Canace
Of every soule the laydons and the songe
Coudē understande as she walked them among
And howe her brother so ofte holpen was
In his myschief by the stede of bras
And farthermore in the temple were
Full many a thoulande louers here an thete
In sondry wylle redy to complayne
Unto the goddesse of theyr wo and Payne
Howe they were hyndred some for enuye
And howe the serpent of false iolousye
Full many a louer hath put abacke
And causclesse on them hath layd a lacke
And some there were that playned on absence
That were exiled and put out of presence
Through wycked tonges and false suspcion
Without mercy or any remyssyon
And other also theyr seruice spent in hayne

And of theyz lady were nat loued agayne
And also other/that for pouerte
Durst in no wylle theyz great aduersite
Disceuer ne open/lest they were refusid
And some for wantyng also were accused
And also other/that loued secretly
And of theyz lady durst aske ne mercy
Lest that he wolde of hym haue dispyte
And some also/that put ryght great wyte
On double louers/that loue thyngis newe
Through whose falsoesse hyndred be the true
And some there were/as it is oft sounde
That for theyz lady many a blody wounde
Endured haue/in many a region
Whyle that an other hath had possession
All of his lady/and beareth awaie the frute
Of his labour and of all his sute
An other complayneth of rychesse
Howe he with treasure doth his busynesse
To wynne/agaynst all kynde and right
Where as true louers haue no force no myghe
And some there were/as maydens yong of age
That playn so with weyng and with rage
That were coupled agayne all nature
With croked olde/that may nat long endure
For to perfurme the lust of loues playe
For it is nat syltyng unto fresche Maype
For to be coupled to olde January
They be so dyuersle/that they must vary
For olde is grutchyng/and malincholous
Alwaye icfull/and eke suspicioys

And youthe entended to ioye and lustynesse
To myrthe and playe/ and to all gladnesse
Alas that euer it shulde befall
So wete sugre/ icoupled with the gall
These yong toike cryed ofte sythe
And prayed Venus/ her power for to kythe
Upon this mylchefe/ and shape remedye
And right anone I herde other crye
With sobbyng teares and pteous sowne
Before the goddesse by lamentacion
That were constrainyd in their youthe
And in chyldhode/ as it is ofte couthe
Ientred were/ in to religion
Or they had yeres of discrecyon
That all their lyfe/ can nat but complayns
In wyde copes/ perfection for to fayne
Full couertly/ for to couer their smert
And shewe the contrary of their hert
There sawe I many a fayre mayde
That on their frendes/ all the wyte layde
And other mo I sawe there in great rage
That were maryed in their tendre age
Without fredome of free election
Where loue hath sondome dominacyon
For loue at large and at lyberte
Wolde frely chose/ and nat with suche treate
And other sawe I full ofte wepe and wryng
That they in men founde suche baryeng
To loue a season/ whyle that beautie floureth
And after by disdayne so vngoodly loureth
On her/ that sometyme he called his lady dere
Cem.of gla.

That was to hym so plasaunt and entere
But lust with faynnesse is so ouergone
That in their hert trouthe abydereth none
And some also I sawe in teares rayne
And pytuously on god and kynde complayne
That euer he wolde on any creature
So moche beautie passyng by measure
Hette on a woman to gyue occasyon
A man to loue to his confusyon
And namely there / where he shall haue no grace
For with a loke / forthe by as he dothe pace
Full ofte falleth throughc castyng of an eye
A man is wounded / that he must nedes dye
Yet never parauenture after he shall her se
Why wyll god do so great cruelte
To any man / or els to his creature
To make hym so moche wo endure
For her percase / whom he shall in no wyse
Beioye at any tyme / but so forthe in inuyse
Lede his lyfe / till he be layde in graue
For he ne durst of her no mercy craue
And also parauenture though he durste and wolde
He can nat wytte / where he her fynde sholde
I sawe there also / and therof had I routhe
That some were hyndred by couetise and slouthe
And some also for their hastynesse
And other also for their rechelesnesse
But at the last / as I walked and behelde
Behyde Pallas with her chistall shilde
Before the stature of Venus sette on hyght
There knelled a lady in my syght

Before the goddesse / whiche as the sonne
Passeth the sterres in brightnesse echone
And as Lucifer to voyde the nightes sorowe
In elcrennesse passeth early the morowe
And as Daye hath the soueraynte
Of every moneth in fayrenesse and beaute
And as the rose in sweetnesse and odour
Surmounteth floures / & as baume of all licour
Hath the price / and as the Ruby bright
Of all stones in beaute and in sight
(As it is knownen) hath the regaly
Right so this lady with her goodly eye
And with the stremes of her loke so bright
Surmounteth all through beaute in my sight
That for to tell her great semelynesse
Her womanheed / her pozt / and her fayrenesse
It was a maruyce / howe euer that nature
Coude in her warkes make a creature
So angelike / so goodly one to se
So femynine or passingyng of beaute
Whose sonnisshe heer / brighter than golde wyre
Lyke Phabus beames / shyning in his spyre
The goodlyheed also of her fayre face
So replenished of beaute and of grace
So well endewed by nature / and depaynt
As rose and lyles toguyder were imaynt
So egally by good proportion
That as me thought by myne inspection
I gan maruyce / howe god or werke of kynde
Right of beaute such a treasure synde
To gyue her so passingyng excellencye

Tem of gla.

b.ij.

For in goodfaythe / through her hyc presence
The temple was enlumyned enuyzon
And for to speke of her condycion
She was the best / that might be on lyue
For there was none / that with her might stryue
To speke of beautie / or of gentylnesse
Of womanheed / or of lowlynnesse
Of courtesie / or of goodlyheed
Of speche / of chere / or of semelyheed
Of porce benignie / or of dalyaunce
The best caught thereto of pleasaunce
She was the well eke of honeste
An exemplar and myrrour also was she
Of secretnesse / of trouthe / of faythfulnesse
And to all other / lady and maystresse
To shewe vertue / who so lyst to lere
And so this lady / right humble of her chere
Knyng I sawe / cladde in grene and whyte
Before Venus / goddesse of all delyte
Enboudred all with stones and perre
So richely / that ioye it was to se
With sondrie tolles on her garment
For terpawne / the trouthe of her entent
To sh. we fullip / that for her humblenesse
And for her vertue / and her stedfastnesse
That she was rote of all womany pleasaunce
Therefore her worde / without baryaunce
Enboudred was / as men myght se
Demiculx en miculx / with stones and perre
This is to saye / that she was so benigne
From better to better / her hert dothe resigne

And all her wyll to Venus the goddesse
She stode at poynt redy to expresse
And her humbly of mercy for to pray
For her dole remedy to puruaye
Gladly she wolde the goddesse shulde attende
Her sorowes all and harmes to amende
And euer mo^re me thought by her chere
To complayne she had right great desyre
For in her hande she helde a lytell bylle
Wherin was writte the some of all her skylle
And all that she wolde to the goddesse shewe
The effecte of whiche foloweth in wordes fewe

CThe copy of the sup-
plication.

O Lady Venus mother of Cupide
That all this wold hast in gouernaunce
And the heretes that hauen hye by pride
Enclynest mckely to thyn obeysaunce
Causer of ioy/releace of penaunce
And with thy strenges canst euery thyng discerne
Through heuenly loue of fyre that is eterne

O blesfull sterre persant and full of lyght
Of beames gladsom/deuorder of darkenesse
Chief recomfort after the blacke nyght
To boyde wofull heretes out of theyr hewynesse
Take nowe good heede lady and goddesse
So that my byll may your grace attayne
Bedezelle to fynde of that I me complayne

Tem. gla.

b.iiij.

For I am bounde to thynge that I nolde
frely to chose therelacke I liberte
And so I wante of that myn herte wolde
The body is knyt though my thought be fre
So that I must of necessite
My hertes lyt outwarde contrary
Though we be one the dede must vary

My worshyp saue / I fayle election
Agaynst all right both of god and kynde
There to be knyt vnder subiection
Fro whence both are farre out of mynde
My thought goeth forth my body is behynde
For I am here and yonder my remembraunce
Betwene two so hange I in ballaunce

Deuoyde of ioye / of wo I haue plente
What I desyre that may I nat possede
For that I nolde is redy ay to me
And that I loue for to sue I dredde
To my desyre contrary is my mede
And thus I stande departed in tweyne
Of wyl and dede ilaced in a cheyne

For though I out brenne with feruent heate
Withynny hert I may complayne of colde
And by excesse though I swelte and sweate
He to complayne I am nat god wote bolde
Unto no wryght nor one worde vnsolde
Of all my Payne helas the harde stounde
The hotter that I burne the colder is my wondre

For he that hath my hert faithfully
And holle my loue in all honeste
Without chaunge: all be it secretly
All way it must ikept and couerted be
Wherfore lady Venus enclyne I pray the
Unto the effect and complaynt of my byll
Byth lyfe and deth I put all in thy wyll

¶ And than me thought the goddes dyd enclyne
Wekely her heed/ and softly gan expresse
That in short tyme her tourment shulde syne
And howe of hym/ for whom all her distresse
She had endured. And of her heuynesse
She shulde haue ioye. And of her purgatory
Be holpen soone/ and so lyue forth in glo: p

And sayd daughter: For the sad trouth
The faithfull meanyng and innocence
That planted be/ without any slouth
In your personē/ deuoyde of all offence
So haue atteyned to our audience
That with our grace ye shalbe well releued
I you behote/ of all that hath you grieved

And for that ye be euer of one entent
Without chaunge or mutabilite
And in your paynes be so pacient
To take lowly your aduersite
And that so longe throught the cruelte
Of olde Saturne my father unfortuned
Ye shall of me be well rewarded

And thynke therfore within a lytell whyle
It shall alwage and ouer passe soone
For men by lyter passe many a myle
And oþre after a dreþyng mone
The weder clereth : and whan the storme is done
The sonne shyneth in his sphere bryght
And ioye wakeþ whan wo is put to flyght

Remembre howe never yet no wyght
He came to worlshyp without debate
And felkes also reioyce more of lyght
That with darkenesse were wrapped and wate
No mannes chaunce is alway fortunate
He no wyght preyseth of sugre the swetnesse
But they before haue tasted bytternesse

Grisilde was assayed at the full
That tourned after to encrease of her ioye
Penelope became eke for sorowes dull
For that her lord abode so long at Troye
Also the tourment there coude no man accoye
Of Dougene floure of all Britayne
Thus euer ioye is finall ende of Payne

And trusteth this for conclusion
The ende of sorowe is ioye / voyde of dred
For holy sayntes through theyr passion
Haue heuen wonne to theyr souerayne mede
And plente gladly foloweth after nede
And my daughter after your greuaunce
I you behote ye shall haue full pleasaunce

For euer of loue the maner and the gyle
Is for to hurte his seruaunt and to wounde
And whan he hath caught them his enprise
He can in loue make them to habounde
And sithe that pe haue in my lace be bounde
Without grutchyng or rebellyon
Ye must of right haue consolacion.

This is to saye / doute it neuer a dell
That ye shall haue full possessyon
Of hym / that ye nowe cherishe so well
In honest maner / without transgressyon
Bycause I knowe your entencyon
Is truely sette / in partie and in all
To loue hym best / and moost in speciall.

For he that ye haue chosen you to scrue
Shalbe to you such as ye desyre
Without chaunge / tully tyll he scrue
So with my bronde I haue hym sette a syre
And with my grace I shal hym so enspyre
That he in hert shalbe right at your wyll
Whethir ye lyst to saue hym or to spyll.

For unto you I shal his hert so lowe
Without spotte of any doublenesse
That he ne shal escape from the bowe
Thoughe that he wolde / by vnstedfastnesse
I meane Cupyde shal hym so distresse
Unto your hande / with the arowe of golde
That he ne shal escape though he wolde.

And siche ye lyst / of ppte and of grace
In vertue onely his youthe to cherisse
I shall by aspecte of my benigne face
Wake hym to shewe every synne and byce
So that he shall haue no maner spye
In his courage to loue thynges newe
He shall to you so playne be founde and trewe.

The authour.

And whan this goodly lady fresche of hewe
Humble and benign / of trouthe croppre & rote
Conceyued had / howe Venus gan to rewe
On her payne playnly to do bote
To chaunge her bytter ones in to swote
She fell on knees of highe deuocyon
And in this wyle began her orison.

Nyghest of hye / quene and Empresse
Goddesse of loue / of good yet the best
That throughe your beaute / without byce
Somtyme conquered the apple at the fest
That Jupiter / throughe his hye request
To all the goddes aboue celestyall
Made in his paleys moost impetyall.

To you my lady / vpholder of my lyfe
Wekly I thanke / so as I maye suffyse
That ye lyst nowe with hert ententyse
So graciously for me to deuyse
That whyle I lyue / with humble sacrificysse
Upon your auters / your feest yere by yere
I shall encence caste in to the fyre.

For of your grace I am full reconcyled
From every trouble vnto toye and eale
That sorowes all be from me exyled
Sytche ye my lady lyt to appease
My paynes olde/ and fully my disease
Unto gladnesse so sodaynly to tourne
Hauyng no cause from hens forthe to mourne.

For sythen ye so mekely lyt to daunt
To my seruyce hym/ that I loue best
And ot your bounte so graciously to graunt
That he ne shall wary/ though hym lyt
Wherof my hert is fully brought to rest
For nowe and euer/ O lady myne benigne
That hert and wyl/ I holly to you resigne.

Thankyng you with all my full hert
That of your grace and visytacion
So humbly lyt hym to conuert
Fully in to my subiectiton
Without chaung or transnutacion
Unto his last. Frowe laude and reuerence
Be euer to your name and excellencie.

This all and some/ and chefe of my request
And hole substance of all my hole entent
You thankyng/ of your graunt and hest
Bothe nowe and euer/ that ye me grace sent
To conquerre hym/ that never shall repent
Ne for to scrue/ and humbly for to please
Is synall treasure of my herte^z eale.

And than anone Uenus castle adowne
In to her lappe/ braunches whyte and grene
Of hauthorne/ that went enyzone
About her heed/ that ioye was to sene
And badde her kepe them honestly and clene
Whiche shulde nat fade/ ne never were olde
If she her byddyng kepe/ as she hath tolde.

And as these bowes bothe fayre and swete
Followe the effect/ that they do speciye
This to saye/ bothe in colde and hete
Be ye of one hert/ and of one fantasye
As are these leaues/ whiche maye nat dye
By no duresse of stormes that ben kene
No more in wynter/ than in somer grene.

Right so by ensample for wele or wo
For ioye/ tourment/ or for aduersite
Wherther so fortune/ fauour or els so
For pouerte/ richesse/ or prosperyte
That ye your hert kepe in one degre
To loue hym best/ for nothyng that ye fayne
Whom I haue boide so lowe vnder your chayne

And with that word/ the goddesse shoke her heed
And was in peace/ and spake as than no more
And therwith all feminynge of dred
Me thought the lady to sighe gan full sore
And sayd agayne/ lady/ that mayest restore
Hertes to ioye/ from their aduersite
To do your wyll better & better after my gte.

¶ Thus euer sleeping dremyng as I lay
Within the temple me thought I say
Great p;eace of folke with murinure wonderfull
Who croude and shoue the temple was so full
Eueriche full busye in his owne cause
That I ne maye shortely in a clause
Discryue all the rytes / and the guyse
And eke I want connyng to deuyle
Howe some therer were / w golde / enecke / & mylke
And somme with floures swete / and softe as sylke
And some with sparowes / and doves white
That for to offre gan them delyle
Unto the goddisse with sighe and prayet
Them to release of that they most desyre
And shortely this thyng to conclude
So great and huge was the multytude
That I was fayne out of the p;eace to go
And as I was alone with me no mo
Within the cisters / and gan a whyle tarwe
I sawe a man / that walked all solytarie
That as me seemed for heynnesse and dole
Hym to complayne / he walked so sole
Without espyeng of any other wyght
And if I shall discryue hym a right
If that he had nat be in heynnesse
We thought he was / to speke of semelynesse
Of shappe / or forme / and also of stature
The most passyng / that ever yet nature
Made in her workes / and lykē to be a man
And therwithall as I reherce can
Of face and cheere the most gracious

¶ Tem. gla.

c

To be beloued happy and curous
But it semed outwardē by his chere
That he complayned for lacke of his desyre
For by hymselfe as he walked by and downe
I herde hym make a lamentacion
And sayd Helas what thyng may this be
Hewe am I bounde that whilom was fre
And went at large at myn election
Hewe am I caught vnder subiection
For to become a very homagere
To the god of loue where or I came here
Felte in myn hert nought of loues payne
But nowe of newe within his fyry chayne
I am embraced so that I may nat stryue
To serue and loue whyle I am on lyue
The goodly fresshe in the temple yonder
I sawe right nowe that I had wonder
Hewe euer god for to reken all
Myght make a thynge so celestiall
So angel lyke on erthe to appere
For within the stremes of her eyen clere
I am wounded euen to the hert
That fro the deth I may nat astert
And most I meruayle that so sodaynly
I was so yelde to be at her mercy
Whether that she lyst me to lyue or deye
Without more I must her lust obeye
And take mckely my sodelyn aventure
For syth my lyfe my deth and eke my cure
Is in her hande it wyll nothyng auaple
To grutche agayne for of this batayle

The palme is hers/and playne the victor y
If I rebelled/honor none/ne glory
I myght in any maner wyse atcheue
Sith I am yelden how shulde I than preue
To renne awaie I wote it wyll nat be
Though I be lose at large/I may nat fle
O god of loue howe sharpe is now thyn arowe
Howe mayst thou now so cruelly and so narowe
Without cause hutt me and wounde
And takest no hede my sorowes to founde
But lyke a byrde that fleeth at her desyre
Cyll sodaynly within the pantyre
She is caught though late she was at large
A newe tempest forzaltesh nowe my barge
Nowe vp nowe downe/with wynde it is so blowe
So am I tossed/and almost ouerthowle
Far dryuen in darkenesse of many sondry walwe
Helas whan shall this tempest ouerdraue
To clere the skyes of myn aduersite
The lode sterte I wote I may nat se
It is so hyd with cloudes that ben blacke
Helas whan wyll this tourment ouerslacke
I can nat wyt for who is hurt of newe
And bledeth inwardly/tyll he waxe pale of hewe
And hath his wounde inwardly fresshe & grene
And it is nat knownen vnto the harmes kene
Of myghet Cupide/that can so herdes daunte
That no man in his warre darc hym baunte
To gote a pryce/but only by mckenesse
For there ne bayleth stryfe nor sturdynesse
So mayc I saye/that with a loke am yold

c.ii.

Cein of gla,

I
And haue no power to stryue though I wolle
Thus stande I euer betwene lyfe and deeth
To loue and serue whyle that I haue breath
In liche a place where I dare nat playne
Lyke hym that is in torment and in payne
And knoweth nat to whom to discure
For there as I haue holly set my cure
I dare nat well for dñe de ne for daungere
And for vñknowen tell howe the fyre
Of loues bronde is kendled in my brest
Thus am I mourthered and slayne at the leſt
So p̄p̄uclie within my thought
O lady Venus whom I haue sought
So wylle me nowe what me is best to do
That am distraught with my selfe so
That I ne wote what way to tourne
Haue by my selfe alone for to mourne
Hangynge in ballaunce betwene hope and dñe de
Without comforde remedye or rede
For hope byddeth pursue and assayle
And agaynewarde dñe de answereth naye
And nowe with hope I am set a loſte
But dñe de and daunger haide and nothynge softe
Haue ouerthowen my trust and put a downe
Howe at my large nowe fetred in p̄ysoun
Howe in tourment nowe in fowerayne glory
Howe in paradise and nowe in purgatory
As a man dispeyred in a double werre
Borne vp with hope and than anon daunger
He draweth abacke and sayth It shall nat be
For where as I of myn aduersite

I'm bolde somwhyle merry to requyre
Than cometh dispaire and begyneth me to lere
I newe lesson to hope full the contrary
They ben so dypuerle they wyll do me bary
And thus I stande dismayd in a crame
For whan hope were lyke me to auance
For d^re^de I tremble I dare nat one wodde speche
And if it so be that I nat out b^reke
To tell the harmes that greuen me so sore
But in my selfe encreace them more and more
And to be slayne fully me deuyte
Whan of my deth she is nothyng to wyte
For but if she the constrainyt playnely knowe
Howe shulde she euer on my peynes tue
Thus oft tyme with hope I am moued
To tell her all howe I am greued
And to be hardy on me sor to take
To aske mercy but d^re^de doth me than awake
And than wanhope answereth me agayne
That better were that she haue disdayne
To dye at ones vnknowen of any wryght
And therwithall byddeth hope anon ryght
Me to be bolde and praye her of grace
And lyth all vertues be portred in her face
It were nat sytting that pite were behynde
And ryght anon within my selfe I synde
I newe plec broughe on me with d^re^de
That me so malseth that I se no sped
Bycause he sayd that astonyseth all my blood
I am so symply and she is so good
Thus hope and d^re^de in me wyll nat ceacc

c.115.

To plede and streue my harmes lo encrease
But at hardest yet or I be deed
Of my distresse lythe I can no reed
But stande dome styll as any stone
Before the goddesse I wyll me hast anone
And complayne without more sermon
Thoughe dethe be fyne and full conclusyon
Of my request yet I wyll assayle
¶ And right anone me thought I saye
This dofull man as I haue made memorie
Full lowlye entre in to an oratorie
And kneled adowne in full humble wyse
Before the goddesse and gan anone deuyse
His pyteous quarell with a dolefull chere
Sayeng right thus as ye shall here.

¶ The complaynt of the man.

Bedesse of sorowe O Citherea
That with the stremes of thy pleasest herte
Gladdest the mount of all Cirrea
Where thou hast chosen thy paleys and sete
Whose bright beamies ben wasshen and wete
In the rauer of Clycon the well
Haue nowe pyte of that I shall you tell.

And nat disdayne of pour benignyte
My mortall wo O lady myne goddesse
Of grace and bounte and mercyfull pyte
Benignely helpe and to redresse
And thoughe so be I can nat well expresse

The greuous harmes that I fele in my here
Haue neuer yet the leesse mercy of my sinett.

This is to saye / O clere heypns lyght
That next the sonne settled haue your spere
Sytthe ye me hurte / with your dedefull myght
By influence of your beames clere
And that I by your seruyce nowe so dere
As ye me brought in to this maladry
Be ye gracious and shape a remedy.

For in you holly lyeth helpe of all this care
And knowe best my sorowe and all my Payne
For dedefe of dethe / howe I alas ne dare
Alas mercy anes / ne me complayne
Nowe with your dart so constrainye
Without more / or I dye at the least
That she maye wytte what is my request.

Howe I nothyng in all this woldes desyre
But for to serue fully to myne ende
That goodly fresshe / so womanly of chere
Without chaunge / while I haue lyfe and mynde
And that ye wolde such grace sende
Of my seruyce / that she nat disdayne
Sithen her to serue I maye nat me restrayne,

Alas sythe that hope me hath gyuen hardynesse
To loue her best / and neuer to repent
Whyles that I lyue / with all my busynesse
To dedefe and serue / though danger neuer assent

And here vpon ye knowe myn entent
Hewe I haue bowed fully in my mynde
To be her man though I no mercy fynde

Fox in my hert imprinted is so sore
Her shap/her forme/and all her semelynesse
Her port/her chere/her goodnes more and more
Her womanheed/and eke her gentylnesse
Her trouth/her faith/and her kyndnesse
With all vertues eche set in her degré
There is no lacke/saue onely of pitte

Her sad demeanyng/of wyll nat variable
Of loke benigne/and rote of all pleasaunce
And examplayre to all that wyll be stably
Discrete/prudent/of wylsdome suffisaunce
Myrrour of wytte/grounde of gouernaunce
A woldē of beaute compassed in her face
Whose persant loke dothrought my hert race

And ouer this/wonder secrete and true
A well offredome/and right bountious
And euer encresyng in vertue newe and newe
Of speche goodly and right gracious
Deuoyde of pryde/to poore nat dispitous
And if that I shoulde shal nat sayne
Saue upon mercy nothyng I compayne

What wounder than/though I with dñe
Inly suppreysed so to aske grace
Of her/that is quene of womanheed

For well I wote in so hyghe a place
It wyll nat be therfore I ouerpace
And take lowly what wo I endure
Cyll she of pyte me take to her cure.

But one auowe playnly here I make
That wheder so be she do me lyue or dep
I wyll nat grudge but humbly it take
And thanke god and wyllingly obey
For by my trouthe my hert shall neuer renay
For lyfe ne dethe mercy ne daungere
Of wyll and thought to be at her despise.

To be as trewe as cuer was Anthonius
To Cleopatre whyle hym lasted bythe
Or unto Thys be yonge Pyramus
That was faithfull founde cyll the deputed dethe
Right so shall I cyll Atropos me slethe
For wele or wo her faythfull man be founde
Unto my last lyke as my hert is bounde.

To loue as well as dyde Achylles
Unto his last the fayre Polixene
Or as the great famous Hercules
For Deianyre that felte the shote kene
Right so shall I saye cuyn as I mene
Whyle that I lyue her bothe dredde and serue
For lacke of mercy thought she do me sterue.

Nowe lady Venus to whom nothyng unknowle
Is in the worlde ne nought maye be

Cem. gla.

d

For there nys thyng neyther hys ne lowe
May be concealed from your pryuete
Fro whom my meanyng is nat nowe secre
But wytte fully, that myn entent is true
And lyke my trouthe nowe on my Payne rue

For more of grace than of presumption
I aske metey and nothyng of dute
Of lowly humblenesse without transgression
That ye enclyne of your benignyte
Your audience vnto my humilitie
To graunt me it, for whiche I cleape and call
Some day releace of my paynes all

And syth ye haue the guerdon and the mede
Of all louers playnly in your hande
Howe of grace and pite take ye hede
Of my distresse, that am vnder your hande
Sowly bounde, as ye well vnderstande
In that place where I toke syrst my wounde
Of pite suffre ye my helthe may be founde

That lyke as she hurt me with a syght
Byght so with helth lette me her sustene
And as the stremes of her eyen bryght
Somtyme my hert with woudes sharpe & kene
Troughhe perced haue, and yet be fresshe & grene
So as she me hurte let her me succour
Or els certayne I may nat longe endure

For lacke of speche I can say you no more

I haue no mater/but I can nat complayne
My wytte is dull to tell all my sore
I mouthe I haue/and yet for all my Payne
For want of wordes/I maye nat nowe attayne
To tell halfe that dothe my hert greue
Mercy abyding/tyll she me lyst releue.

But this tesserete of my mater synall
With deth or mercy releace so to synde
For hert/body/though/lyse/lust/and all
With all my reason/and all my full mynde
And fyue wyttes/of one assent I bynde
To her seruyce/without any styfe
And make her princesse of my deth or lyse.

And nowe I praye of reuth and eke pite
O goodly planet/O lady Venus bryght
That ye your sonne/of his deite
Cupide I meane/that with his dredfull myght
And with his bronde/that is so clere of lyght
Myn hert lyst so to syre and to marke
As ye me somtyme brynt with a sparke

That lyke wylle/and with the same syre
She maye by it/as I nowe brenne and melte
So that her hert be flammed with desyre
That she may knowe by seruunce/howe I swelle
She wolde me pitie playnly/if she telte
The selfe heate/that doth myn hert embracc
I hope of reuth/she wyll do me grace
The author.

¶ And therwithall Venus/as me thoughts
Cm. of gla.

d. ii.

Towarde this man full benygnely
Gan cast her eye lyke as though she roght
Of his disease and sayd full goodly
Sytch it is so that you so humbly
Without grutchyng our hestes lyt obey
Towarde your helpe I wyll anon puruey

And also my sonne Cupide that is so blynde
Shalbe helpyng fully to perfourme
Your holle deslyze that nothyng behynde
He shalbe leste so we shall refourme
This pitious cōplaynt þ maketh you to mourne
And she for whom ye sorowe most in herte
Shall through her mercy releace all your smerte

Whan she seeth tyme through her purveyaunce
Be nat to hasty but suffre all thyng wele
For in abydyng through lowly obeyssaunce
Lyeth full redresse of all that ye nowe fele
And she shalbe as true as any stele
To you alone by our myght and grace
If ye lyt mekely abyde a lytell space

But vnderstande ye that all her cherisshyng
Shalbe grounded vpon honeste
That no wyght shall by any rehersyng
Demie amys of her in no degré
For neyther mercy / reuth / nor pite
She shall nat haue / ne take of you none hede
Farther than longeth unto her womanheed

Be nat astonyed of no wylfulness
Nor dispayred of this dissolution:
Let reason bridell lust by bussumesse
Without grutchyng or rebellyon
For ioyc shall folowe all this passyon
For who can suffre tourment and endure
May nat fayle at length to optayne pleasure.

For before all she shall the loue best
So shall I her without offendion
By influence enspyre in her brest
In honest wylle/ and full entencion
For to enclyne by clene affection
Her hert holly onthe to haue reuthe
Bycause I knowe/ that thou meanest treuthe.

Go nowe to her/ where she standeth a syde
With humble chere/ and put the in her grace
And all before/ let hope be thy gyde
And though that drede wolde with the face
It lytteth well/ but loke that thou arace
Out of thyne hert/ wanhope and dispeyze
To her presence or thou haue repeyze.

And mercy first shall thy waye make
And honest meane asore do thy message
To make pyte in her hert awake
And secrenesse to forther thy byage
With humble porce/ to her that is so sage
Shall meanes be/ and I my selfe also
Shall the forther/ or thy tale be do.

Item of gla,

d.iii.

Go forth anone / and be of right good cheare
For spechelesse nothyng may ye spedre
Be good of trust / and be nothyng in were
Sith I my selfe shall helpe in this nede
For at the leest of her goodly heed
She shall to the her audience inclyne
And lowly to her tell thou thy tale syne

For well thou wottest if I shall nat sayne
Without speche thou mayst no mercy haue
For who that wyl of his pryue payne
Fully be cured his lyfe to helpe and saue
Must mekely out of his herte graue
Discouer his wounde / and shewe it to his leche
Or elles dye for defaute of speche

For he that is in myschefe / and is rekeles
To seche helpe / I holde hym a wretche
And she ne may thyn hert brynge in peas
But if thy complaynt to her herte stretche
Woldest thou be cured / and wylte no salue fetche
It wyl nat be : for no wyght may attayne
To come to blysse / if he lyfth lyue in payne

Therefore at ones go forth in humble wyse
Before thy lady / and lowly knele adowne
And in all trouth thy wordes so deuyse
That she on the haue compasyon
For she that is of so high renoun
In all vertues / as quene and souerayne
Of womanheed shall rue vpon thy payne

The autho^r.

¶ And whan the goodesse this lesson had tolde
Aboute me as I gan beholde
Right sore astouyed I stode in a traunce
To se the maner and the countenaunce
And all the chere of this wofull man
That was of hewe deedly pale and wan
With dreede supprised in his owne thought
Makyng ther as though he cared noug^t
Of lyfe ne deth / ne what so hym betyde
So moche feare he had on euery syde
To put hym forth / for to tell his payne
Unto his lady / orsel^s to complayne
What wo he ledde / tourment / and disease
What deedly sorowe his herte dyd sease
For reuth of whiche his woes / I endyte
By penne I fele quake as I wryte
Of hym I had so great compassion
For to reherce his lamentacion
Ye / though I with my selfe stryue
Unneth my connyng may his paynes discryue
Alas to whom shall I for helpe call
Nat to the muses / bycause they ben nere all
Helpe of right in ioye / and nat in wo
And in matters that they delyte also
Wherfore they nyll / as nowe direcete my style
For me enpyre / alas the harde whyle
I can no further / but to Thesiphon
And to her sisters to call helpe vpon
That be goddeses of tourment and of payne
Nowe let your teares unto myne ynke rayne

With wofull wordes my paper sor to blotte
This wofull mater nat to paynt but spotte
To tell the maner of this dredfull man
Upon his complaynt whan he first began
To tell his lady / and howe he gan declare
His hydde sorowes and his yuell fare
That his hert constrainyd so sore
The effect of whiche was this without more.

Princesse of youth / and floure of gentylnesse
Ensample of vertue / grounde of courtesye
Of beaute rote / queene and eke maistresse
To ali women / howe they shall them gye
And soch fast myroure to exemplifys
The right way of porce and of womanhede
What I shall saye of mercy take ye heede.

Besechynge vnto your hygh noblesse
With quakyng hert of my inwardre dycde
Of grace and pite / and of ryghtousnesse
Of very reuth to helpen this nede
This is to say / O well of goodlyhede
That I ne recke though ye do me deye
So ye lyst fyrt to here what I seye

The dredfull stroke / the great force and myght
Of Cupide / ayensi whom none may rebell
So inwardly throught out my herte right
I perced hath / that I ne may councell
Sdyn hyd wonnde / ne I ne may appelle
Unto no greater / this myghty god so faste
You to serue hath me bounde vnto my laste

My hert and all without stryfe are yolde
For lyfe or deth to your seruice alone
Byght as the goddesse myghty Venus wolde
Before her mekely whan I made my mone
She me constrainyd without chaunge anone
To your seruice and never for to sayne
Whether so euer ye lyst to do me ease or payne

So that I can nothyng but mercy crye
Of you my lady and chaunge for no newe
That ye lyst goodly before or that I dye
Of very reuth vpon my paynes rewe
For by my trouth if ye my paynes knewe
And what the cause is of myn aduersite
On my disease ye wolde haue pite

For unto you true and eke secre
I wyll be founde to serue as I best can
And therwithall as lowly in eche degré
To you be alone as euer yet was man
Unto his lady from the tyme I began
And shall so forth withouten any slouth
Whyle that I lyue by god and by my trouth

For I had leuer dye sodaynly
Than you offend in any maner wyse
And suffre paynes inwardre pryuely
Than my seruice as nowe ye shulde despice
For I right naught wyll alake in no wyse
But for your seruant ye wolde me accepte
And whan I trespass goodly me correcce

And for to graunt of mercy the prayere
Only of grace and womanly pite
From day to day that I myght lere
You for to please and therwithall that ye
Whan I do myslyst for to teche me
In your seruise howe that I may amende
From henceforth and never you offendre

For vnto me it doth inough suffice
That for your man ye wolde me recepue
Fully to be as ye lyste deuyse
And as farforth as my wyttes can conceyue
And therwithall lyke as ye me preue
To be true to guerdone me of grace
Or els to punysshme after my trespace

And if so be that I may nat attayne
Unto your mercy yet graunt at thc leste
In your seruise for all my wo and payne
That I may dye after my beheste
This is all and some the syn of my request
Byther with mercy your servant to saue
Or mercyles that I may be begraue

G And whan this benigne of her entent true
Conceyued hath the complaynt of this man
Right as the fresshe ruddy rose newe
Of her colour to waxen she began
Her blood astonyed so from her hert it ran
In to her face of very femyntyte
Throught honest dede abasshed was she

And humbly she began her eyen castle
Cowarde hym of her benignite
So that no worde by her lyppes paste
For haste/nor d^re^de/mercy/ne pite
For so demeaned she was in honeste
That vnaudysed nothyng fro her sterte
So moche of reason was composed in her herte

Cyll at the last so moche she dyd abyrd
Whan she his trouth and meanyng well dyd sele
That vnto hym full goodly thus she sayd
Of your behest/and your meanyng wele
And your scruyce so faithfull euery dele
Whiche vnto me so lowly nowe ye offre
With all my hert I thanke you for your profe

And for as moche as your entent is set
Onely on vertue/ibydled vnder d^re^de
Ye must of right nedes fare the bet
Of your request/and the better spede
But as for me/I may of womanheed
No farther graunt to you/in myn entent
Than as my lady Venus wyll assent

For she well knoweth/I am nat at my large
To do right naught/but by her ordynaunce
So am I drownid vnder her d^re^de full charge
Her lust to obeye/without variaunce
But for my parte/so it be pleasaunce
Unto the goddesse/for trouth in your empypise
I you accepte fully to my scruyce.

For she my hert hath in subiection
Whiche helpe is yours / and never shall repent
In thought nor dede / in myn election
Wytnesse on Venus / that knoweth myn entent
Fully to bryte her dome and iugement
So as het lyste dispose and ordayne
Byght as she knoweth the trouth of vs twayne

For unto the tyme that Venus lyft prouyde
To shape awaie for our hertes eale
Beth ye and I mekely must abyde
To take at gre / and nat for our disease
To grutche agrayne / tyll that she lyft appace
Our hyd wo / so only that constraineth
From day to day / and our hertes payneth

For in abydyng of wo / and all affraye
Who that can suffre syndeth remedy
And for the best full oft is made delaye
Or men be healed of theyr malady
Wherfore as Venus lyft the mater gye
Let vs agree / and take all for the best
Tyll her lyft set both our hertes in rest

For she that byndeth / and can constraine
Hertes in one / this fortunate planete
And can releace louers of theyr Payne
To tourne fully theyr bytter unto swete
Rowe blyfull goddesse / downe fro thy sterry sete
Vs to fortune / cast your stremes shene
Lyke as ye knowe / that we trouth mene

CAnd therwithall as I myn eyen caste
For to percyue the maner of thse twayne
Before the goddesse mekely as they paste
Me thought I sawe with a golden chayne
Venus anone enkace and constraine
They both hertes in one for to perseuer
Whyle that they lyue and neuer to disseuer

Sayeng ryght thus with a benigne cheare
Chyt it is so ye be vnder my myght
My wyll is thus that ye my daughter dere
Fully accepte this man as it is ryght
Unto your grace anone here in my ryght
That euer hath ben so lowly you to serue
It is good skyle your thanke that he deserue

Your honour saufe and also your womanheed
Hym to cherishe it sitteth you ryght welle
Sith he is bounde vnder hope and dredes
Amyd my chayne that forged is of steele
Ye must of mercy shape that ye scle
In you some grace of his long seruyce
And that in haste lyke as I shall deuyse

This is to say that ye take hede
Howe he to you most faichfull hath ben and true
Of all your seruantes and nothyng for his mede
Of you he asketh but ye on hym to rive
For he vowed hath to chaunge for no newe
For lyfe ne deth for ioyc ne for Payne
Is to be yours so as ye lyf or dayne

Tcm. gla.

c

Wherfore ye must cred it were wronge
Unto your grace fully hym receyue
In my p[re]cience/b[ec]ause he hath so longe
Holly v[er]n yours/as ye may conceyue
That from mercy if ye hym weyue
I wyl my selfe recorde cruelte
In your persone/and great lacke of pite

Let hym for his trouth fynde trouth agayne
For longe seruice guerdone hym with grace
And let your pite weye downe his payne
So; tyme is nowe daunger to arace
Out of your herte/ and mercy into space
And loue for loue wolde well beseme
To gyue agayne/ and this I playnly deme

And as so hym I wylbe his borowe
Of lowlyhed/ and busyn attendaunce
Howe he shalve both eue and morowe
Full diligent to do his obseruaunce
And euer awaytyng you to do pleasaunce
Wherfore my sonne iysten and take hede
Fully to obeye/as I shall the rede

And fyrt of all my wyll is/that thou be
Faithfull in hert/ and constant as a wall
True humble/micke/ and therewithall secre
Without chaunge/in partie and in all
But for no tourment that the may befall
Tempest the nat/but euer in stedfastnesse
Note hym herte/ and voyde doublenesse

And farthermore haue in reuerence
These women al/for thy lady sake
And suffre neuer that men do them offence
For loue of one/but euer undertake
Them to defende/whether they slepe or wake
And ay be redy to holde them partye
Agaynst all those/that to them haue enuye

Be curteysay/and lowly of thy speche
To riche and poore/Be freishe and well beseyne
And euer busyn/wayes for to leche
All true louers to releace of theyz payne
Sith þ art one. And of no wight haue disdayne
For loue hath power herres toz to daunt
And neuer for cheryshyng the to moche auaunt

Be lusty cke/boorde of all tristesse.
And take no thought/but euer be iocunde
And nat to penylfe for noue heuynesse
And with thy gladnesse let sadnesse ay be founde
Whan wo approcheth let myzth most habunde
As māhode as kech. And though thou sele smerte
Let nat to many knowe of thyn here

And all vertues busely ensue
Vices eschewe for the loue of one
And for no tales thyne here nat renue
Worde is but wynde/that shall soone begone
What euer thou here/be dombe as any stone
And to answeere to soone/do nat the delyte
þe; here she stadeth/that all this shall the quyte,
Item of gla.

And whether thou be absent or in presence
None other beaute let in thyn hert myne
Sith I haue yeue her of beaute excellencie
Aboue all other euer to be thyne
And thynke howe in syre men are wonte to fyne
This pured golde to put it in assay
So to the proue thou arte put in delaye

But tyme shall come thou shalt for thy suffruce
Be well apayd and take for thy mede
Thy lyues ioye and all thy suffysaunce
So that good hope alwaye thy bidel lede
Let no dispayre hyndre the with drede
But ay thy crut on her mercy grounde
Sith none but she may thy sorowe sounde

Eche houre tymie weke day and yere
Be lyke faithfull and wary nat for lyte
Abide a whyle and than of thy desyre
The tyme nygheth that shall the most delyte
And let no sorowe in thy hert byte
For no deferryng sythe thou for thy mede
Shalt rejoyce in peace the flour of womanhede.

Thynke howe she is this worldes sonne & lyght
The sterre of beautie the flour eke of fayreselle
Bothe cropp and rote and eke the rubye bright
Hertes to glade itroubled with derkenesse
And howe I haue made her thyne hertes espresse
Be gladde therfore to be vnder her bonde
Rowe come nere daughter & take hym by þ honde.

Unto this syn/ that after all these shours
Of his tourment/he may be glad andlyght
Whan by your grace ye take hym to be yours
For euermore/anone here in my syght
And eke I wyl also/as it is right
Without more his langour for to lyste
In my presence anone that ye hym bysse

That there may be of all your olde smertes
A full releace vnder ioye assured
And that one locke be of your bothe hertes
Shyt with my keye of golde/so well pured
Only in signe/that ye haue recured
Your holle desyre/here in this holly place
Within my temple/nowe in the yere of grace

Ye be eternally bounde of assuraunce
The knot is knyt/that may nat be vnbounchte
That all the goddes/of this alyaunce
Saturne/Iuue/and Mars/as it is founde
And eke Cupide/that hyt dyd you wounde
Shall beare recorde/and euermore bewreke
On whiche of you his trouth hyt breke

So that by aspectes of theyr fyzy lokes
Without mercy shall fall the vengeance
For to be rased clene out of my boches
On whiche of you be founde of variaunce
The faze at ones let your pleasaunce
Fully to be/whyle ye haue lyfe and mynde
Of one accorde/vnto your lyues ende
Item of gla.

e.iii.

That if the spirite of newe fanglenesse
In any wyse your hertes wolde assayle
To moue or sterte to byng in doublenesse
Upon your trouthe to gyue a batayle
Let nat your courage ne your force fayle
For none assaultes you sytten or temeue
For vnassayed no man may trouthe preue

For whyte is whyter if it be set by blacke
And swete is sweter after bytternesse
And fallehed euer is dryuen and put abacke
Where trouthe is roote without falsoenesse
Without proue there may be no sekernesse
Of loue or hate and therfore of you two
Shall loue be more for it was bought with wo

And every thynge is had more in dente
And more of pryce whan it is dere bought
And eke loue standeth more in surte
Whan it is before with Payne wo and thought
Conquered than fyrt whan it was sought
And every conquest hath his excellencie
In his pursute as it syndeth resistence

And so to you more swete and agrable
Loue shalbe founde If you playnly assyure
Without grutchyng if ye be sufferable
Both lowe and meke paciently to endure
Than all at ones I shall do nowe my cure
For nowe and euer your hertes so to bynde
That nought but deth shall the knot vnynde

Nowe in this mater what shulde I longer dwell
Come ye attones/and do as I haue sayd
And fyrt my daughter/that are of boutie well
In hert and thought be glad and well apayd
To do hym grace/that shall/and hath obeyd
Your lustes euer/and I wyll for his sake
Of trouthe to you be bounde and vndertake

¶ And so forth in presence as they dyd stande
Before the goddesse this lady fayre and wele
Her humble seruaunt toke goodly by the hande
As he before her mekely dyd knele
And kyssed hym/after fulfyllyng euery deale
From poynt to poynt/in full chyfthy wylle
As ye before haue Venus herde deuyse,

Thus is this man to ioye and all pleasaunce
From hewynesse/and from his paynes olde
Full reconciled/and hath ful suffisaunce
Of her/that euer ment well and wolde
That in good faith if I tell sholde
The inwarde myrtes that dyd theyz hertes brace
For all my lyfe it were to lytell space

For he hath wonne her/that he loueth best
And he to grace hath take hym of pite
And thus theyz hertes ben both set in rest
Without chaunge or mutabilite
And Venus hath of her benignite
Confirmed all/what shall I longer tary
These twayne in one and never to vary

That for ioye in the temple about
Of this accorde by great solemnite
Was laude and honour within and without
Gruen to Venus and to the deite
Of god Cupide so that Calliope
And all her hysterne in theyr armouye
With theyr swete songes the gooddesse magnifye

And all at ones with notes loude and Harpe
They dyd her honour and reverence
And Orpheus among them with his harpe
Sang strynges touche with his diligence
And Amphion that hath suche excellencye
Of musike ay dyd his busynesse
To please the queene Venus and goddesse

Only bycause of the affinitie
Betwene these two nat lykely to disscuer
And every louer of hys and lowe degré
Sang Venus praye fro thens forth and euer
That holle of them the loue may persecut
Withouten ende in suche wylle as they gonne
And more encracie that it of harde was wonne

And the goddes heryng this request
As she that knewe the cleene intention
Of both them twayne made a bchest
Perpetually by confyrmacion
Whyle they lyue of one affection
They shall endure there is no more to sayne
That neyther shall haue mater to complayne

So ferfor the euermore in our eternall se
The goddes haue in our presence
Fully deuyled / throughe their deite
And holly conclude by theyr influence
That by theyr myght and iuste prudence
The loue of them by grace and eke fortune
Whithout chaunge shall euermore contune

Of whiche graunt the temple cruyzon
Through hye comfort of them that were presens
anon was begon / with a melodious sowne
In name of those / that trouth in loue ment
A balade newe in full good entente
Before the goddesse / with notes loude and clere
Syngyng right thus / anon as ye shall here

Cayrest of sterres / that with your persat lyght
And with the cherislyng of your beamies clere
Cause in loue hertes to be lyght
Only by shynyng of your glad spere
Nowe laude and preye / O lady Venus dere
Be to your name / that haue without synne
This man fortuned his lady for to wynne

Worthy planete O Esperus so bryght
That wofull hertes canst appease and stere
And euer are redy by your grace and myght
To helpe all those / that byc loue so dere
And haue power hertes to set on fyre
Honour to you of all that be here inne
That haue this man his lady made to wynne

O mighty goddes/ day sterre after night
Gladynge the morowe/ whan ye do appcre
To voyde derkenesse by freshnesse of your lyght
Onely with twyneling of your pleasaunt cheare
To you we thanke louers that beu here
That ye this man and never for to twynne
Fortuned haue/ his lady for to wynne.

The autho^r.

And with the noyse/ and heuenly melody
That they made in their armony
Throughe out the temple/ for this mannes sake
For the of my slepe anone I dyde a wake
And soze astonyed/ knewe as than no rede
For sodayne chaunge oppressed with drede
He thought I was cast in a traunce
So clene awaye was than my remembraunce
Of all my dreame/ wherof frette thought and wo
I had in hert/ and nyxt what was to do
For heuynesse that I had lost the syght
Of her/ that I all the long nyght
Had dremed of/ in my aduisior
Wherof I made great lamentacion
Bycause I had never in my lyfe beforene
Sawe none so fayre/ lithe that I was borne
For loue of whom/ so as I can endyte
I purpose here to make and write
A lytell treatyse/ and processe make
In praise of women onely for her sake
Them to commende/ as it is skyll and right
For her goodnesse with all my might
Prayeng to her/ that is so bontuous

So full of vertue/ and so gracious
Of womanhed and mercyfull pyte
This lympie treatise for to take in gte
Cyll I haue leysel/ unto her hye renowme
For to expowne my forsayd visyowne
And tell in playne the signifaunce
As it cometh to my remembraunce
So that here after my lady maye it loke
Howe go thy waye thou lytell rude boke
To her presence/as I the commaunde
And frit of all thou me recommaunde
Unto her/ and to her excellencie
And pray to her/ it be none offence
If any worde in the be myssaid
Welchyngh her/ she be nat yuell payd
For as her lyght I wyl the este correcce
Whan that her lyketh agaynwarde the dyrecte
I meane that beugne/ and goodly of face
Howe go thy waye/ and put che in her grace.

C Duodecimi abusiones.

C Vix sine sapientia. Episcopus sine doctrina.
Dominus sine consilio. Mulier sine castitate
Viles sine probitate. Iudex sine iustitia.
Dives sine clemosina. Populus sine lege.
Senex sine religione. Seruus sine timore.
Pauper superbus. Adolescentes sine obedientia.

C Go forthe kyng/ rule the by sappence
By shoppes be able to myniste doctryne

G. 2
Lorde to true counsayle gyue audience
Wowanheed to chaschte cuet enclyne
Knyght let thy dedes worshyp determine
Be righteous Judge in sauyng thy name
Byche do almes lest thou lose blysse with shame.

People obey your kyng and the lawe
Age be thou ruled by good religion
True seruant be dredefull & kepe the vnder awe
And thou poore defye presumption
Inobedience to youth is bitter destruction
Remembre how god hath set you so
Than do your part as ye are ordyned to.

¶ Thus endeth the temple of Glasse. Emprynted
at Lōdō in fletestrete in the house of Thos
mas Berthelet / nere to the Cundite/
at the sygne of Lucrece.
Cum priuilegio.

